

funds by paying him a commission to dispose of stolen bonds for them. Then, in the fall of 1867, they proposed that he help them to open the bank's vault.

"You can't do it—it's burglar-proof," objected Taylor.

"No vault is proof against us," replied White, and Taylor yielded.

And here's how they began:

From the manufacturer of the vault they bought a combination lock of the same size and style as that of the bank safe!

Night after night, in White's rooms, he and Taylor practiced until the clerk, twenty feet away, could identify any number to which White turned the knob!

Morning after morning this clerk, Taylor, watched the cashier open the bank vault.

At last he learned the combination!

Then, one night, he let White in quietly and they found it worked—the door flew open!

No time to gather the loot then—but they knew they could get into the vault whenever they wanted to.

In a room across the street they posted a lookout in January, 1868, to learn the habits of the policemen and the bank watchman. It soon became clear they could not enter from the street and get away safely—they must get through a floor or a ceiling.

In March an insurance broker named Kohler rented an office in the basement—he was Shinburn's brother-in-law.

"At this time," says White in his confession, "we notified the banking in the police department of our enterprise and arranged for the necessary protection. Still there were some honest policemen even in those days, and a reasonable measure of secrecy had to be observed."

On the night of May 23, Shinburn and White began to cut through the ceiling of the insurance office. They got the plaster off and found—14 inches of rubble stone set in cement!

A week's delay—for the job must be done on Saturday and Sunday!

Painters working in the bank delayed operations for four weeks, but at 11 o'clock on the night of June 27, 1868, Shinburn and White began three hours of hard work that landed them in the bank at 2 o'clock Sunday morning.

They opened the vault with the combination, the inner doors with keys taken from their hiding place, which Taylor had also discovered.

The first loot, a package of \$100,000 in securities, they passed through a window to a confederate as a basis for negotiations in case of discovery while at work.

Loose plunder quickly filled a satchel!

The receiving teller's safe was drilled and yielded rich treasure!

Remained only the paying teller's safe, with a million or more in it—but the thieves were too tired for more drilling and it was too close quarters to use their hydraulic jack.

"Let's take a rest and come back tonight," suggested Shinburn. "We'll have to blow this safe."

Down through the hole to the basement and arranging the rug of the bank president's private office neatly over the orifice as they descended, they took \$1,500,000 in their satchel. In the broad daylight of Sunday morning, they walked out of the insurance office, drove uptown, bathed and dined, told a friendly detective what they had done and rode to the old Astor House. Here they slept until 2 a. m.

At 3 o'clock Monday morning they again crawled through the floor of the bank. Quickly the explosives were placed and the fuse made ready.

Then Shinburn showed an agreed signal in the window, on which their outside man ran to the nearest fire box and turned in an alarm.

The noise of a heavy engine passing the bank a few minutes later drowned the sound of the explosion, and the paying teller's safe—last